PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-37

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. 6 • NO. 21 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MAY 21, 1937 5 CENTS

Kuster Sues City of Carmel for $67,000 For Loss of The Golden Bough Theater

SAYS THE EDITOR

OUR LIBBY CAN'T SUE—NOT YET SHE CAN'T

Our Libby Ley rang us up yesterday morning. She was madder than two hatters.

"Say, Editor," screams Libby, "The city's got a sign out in front of my house, reading: 'Men at Work'. Can I sue?"

"No," we re-screamed, "But if they stick up another one reading: 'Dangerous But Passable', call us up and we'll do something about it—congratulate 'em, or something."

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OUR NEW LICENSE PLATE—JUST FOR EDITORS OF GLORIFIED WEEKLIES

Our new license plate has aroused curiosity.

We were rather puzzled about it when it arrived last week, just about three months after it was sent for on February 18.

We thought perhaps it was a special plate, designed for editors of glorified weeklies. But this assumption was denied us, when at Carl's fix-it-up-right place, we saw another one. Ours is A-A 5517 and that one was A-A 5516. The two "A's", however, are placed one above the other, together being as high as the figures

We have discovered that it is a new series of California license plates, and probably will be continued. It's a method of getting away from long numbers. For millions and millions they won't have to use more than four figures. A-A can run to 9999, then A-B to 9999, then A-C, etc.

When these run out they can go B-B up to 9999.

Then B-A, B-C, B-D, etc., each one up to 9999.

Then C-C—have you gotten the idea by now and are we being silly?

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PRAISING BUSINESS GROUP FOR BACH FESTIVAL GIFT

The sum total of $100 has been donated or appropriated by the Carmel Business Association and the City of Carmel to aid in defraying the cost of advance publicity for the third annual Bach Festival to take place here this coming July.

Following the action of the business group last Friday night voting the sum of $50 for the purpose, Dene Denny called us on the telephone and asked us if we would comment editorially on the deed.

We'll comment on it all right, but not just as Miss Denny had in mind. We think the business men and women of Carmel—those, at least, who belong to the Carmel Business Association—ought to be ashamed of themselves.

There are, according to the records, just 55 members of the Carmel Business Association. If we figure correctly, they have donated 91 cents apiece toward advertising the coming Bach Festival.

In the San Francisco newspapers, Chicago newspapers and New York newspapers there already have been, and there will continue to be intermittently between now and the first Bach Festival program, articles and editorials about the event. It is hailed throughout the country in music circles as one of the outstanding musical events of the year.

It has grown surprisingly since its

(Continued on Page Two)

BUILDING CODE DECIDED ON BY THE CITY COUNCIL

Goody! We're going to have a building code.

So decided four members of the city council, in solemn conclave assembled, Wednesday night. Councilman Joe Burge wasn't there, but if he had been his voice would have been raised in acclaim.

Bob Stanton was there. It was his first appearance before the council since he tried last winter to get official recognition of his flood troubles at Monte Verde and Ocean avenue. He got more last night than, the chances are, he'll ever get in the flood matter if he lives to be a hundred.

We have a sneaking notion that Jim Thoburn sort of put one over on Bob Wednesday night. He suggested, when the building code matter came up, that Bob be asked to say something. Jim knew that building code was going over. He knew all the other three councilmen were for it. But Jim reasoned this way. If we let Bob say something and then after listening to him we do just what he wants us to do, which is what we were going to do anyway, he'll think he put it over, and maybe he'll forget about the flood at Monte Verde and Ocean, or feel so kindly toward us that he'll be rather gentle about his next complaint.

Anyway Bob made a good talk, sort of mild, but emphatic and determined withal. He agreed to a change that would permit good-sized dwellings to be built in the old Carmel style—board and batten—but he gently admonished the council: "Change the figure from 400 sqare feet to 1400, but never, no never, change the phraseology of the code—never, no never." Bob used "wording," but we like "phraseology" better. It gives a slight indication of how wide our vocabulary is.

The 400-feet business refers to houses without studding, or something. Board and batten houses, we guess, haven't any studding, so you couldn't build one big enough to live in under the code as it is, or was, before the Carmel council decided to tinker with it. However, Bob says the tinkering is all right, and at the next meeting—June 2—an ordinance will be passed adopting the code.

It's a code that is universally used by western cities and has stood the test of time.

Stanton, in answer to a question from the council, said that while it would require better construction the additional cost for an ordinary dwelling would not, he thought, be more than $100.

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Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Williams and Mrs. Williams' mother, Mrs. Jane Turner, have returned to their home on The Point after a two months' stay in Fresno.

Council and Business Association Vote Total of $100 to Advance Publicity For Third Bach Festival in July

Following action of the Carmel Business Association in appropriating $50 to help defray expenses of the advance publicity for the third annual Bach Festival to be held here in July, the city council, at its meeting Wednesday night voted a like sum for the same purpose. Action of the city council was taken following an appeal made by Shelburn Robison, president of the business association.

The $50 voted by the Carmel Business Association comes out of the $200 fund which was granted the organization by the Monterey county supervisors for publicity purposes.

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous who inaugurated the festival and are managing it again this year, are now distributing advance notices for the third festival broadcast throughout the United States. Advance reservations have been coming in unusually strong the past two weeks and the hotels report requests for reservations for the festival week.

Michel Penha, director for the Festival, will arrive in town Sunday to conduct rehearsals. Penha will work with the Festival chorus in the afternoon at 2 o'clock and the evening rehearsal for the orchestra will be at 8 o'clock, both at Sunset School.

Penha was brought to Carmel some years ago by the Denny-Watrous management when he played with the Neah-Kah-Nie String quartet. He returned again for a summer series with the Penha Piano quartet and the following year with the Parlow-Penha quartet. Then in 1935, Ernst Bacon was invited to direct the summer concerts and he was the first director of the Bach Festivals. Last year Sascha Jacobinoff, violin soloist of the 1935 series, was chosen director. This year Penha is being brought back to add another notch in his record of fine music for Carmel.

Denny-Watrous To Stage Play at First Theater

The First Theater (so known because it was the first in California), one of Monterey's oldest adobe buildings, will have a formal opening on the evening of June 3, the 167th anniversary of the founding of the Old Capital. "Tatters, Pet of Squatters' Gulch" will be presented that evening by the Denny-Watrous management as the first of a series of old play revivals. Galt Bell will direct a cast of Peninsula professionals and semi-professionals. Mary Marble Henderson will play the lead and Gordon Knoles of Pacific Grove and Manuela Hudson of Monterey will also be in the cast.

"Tatters" will have a three-night run, as the house is rather small, and the play will be supplemented by an olio composed of vaudeville acts and perhaps a few barroom ballads.

The First Theater, on the corner of Scott and Pacific streets, was not built originally for a theater but was a sort of barrack-boarding house with several rooms, each with a separate entrance. The walls between the rooms were partitions which could be swung to the ceiling by means of ropes and when the families moved their possessions into the back rooms a good-sized hall could be offered to any traveling company of actors or performers who came to the town. The little room at the right as you enter the building was originally a bar and if the miners and natives could get past the bar and go on down to the next corner, to the Casa del Oro, their gold was safe, but we can imagine that a lot of it went across the boards and never got into the bank.

The anniversary celebration will begin with a sunrise service at the Serra-Viscaino landing place on the hill above the harbor and will have a grand climax with an open air Merienda in the Memory Garden of the old Pacific Building, long ago known as "Honeymoon Hotel."

Peace Meeting In Monterey Tonight

"Should the United States Ever Again Go To War on Foreign Soil?"

The Rev. W. P. Reagor, pastor of the First Christian Church of Oakland, and Dr. George P. Hedley, director of the Western Summer School for Workers of the State Department of Adult Education, will attempt to answer this question at a mass meeting to be held at the First Presbyterian Church, Franklin and Pacific streets, Monterey, this evening at 8 o'clock.

The meeting is a part of the No Foreign War Crusade, headed by Admiral Richard E. Byrd, and conducted by the Emergency Peace Campaign, headed by Harry Emerson Fosdick and Ray Newton.

A large number of prominent men and women of the Peninsula are lending their names as sponsors for the mass meeting tonight.

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A. C. Stoney, one of Carmel's busy builders, is not too busy to forget his favorite sport of fishing. He is an expert fly-fisherman but we hear from a reliable source that he has one of the laborers on an excavation job digging worms for him. We caught that on the fly just as we were going to press.

CLAIMS WATER SUPPLY WAS INADEQUATE TO PROTECT BUILDING

Ted Kuster yesterday filed suit against the city of Carmel for damages in the sum of $67,000 for the loss of the Theater of the Golden Bough by fire one Sunday morning two years ago this month.

The suit was filed in Salinas by D. W. Brobst, attorney of Oakland.

Kuster charges the city with negligence in the matter of providing adequate water pressure for fighting a fire of major proportions such as was that which destroyed the Golden Bough.

Prior to filing the suit, Kuster addressed a letter to the mayor and city council, making a claim on the city for the sum of $65,000, "over and above insurance". The value he placed on the Golden Bough was $75,000 and the insurance he received was $8,000. The difference is the sum named in the suit, but does not jibe with the figure claimed from the city in his letter.

The latter, by the way did not reach City Clerk Saidee Van Brower until yesterday afternoon's mail, after, it is believed, Attorney Brobst filed the suit in Salinas.

In his letter to the council, Kuster said:

"The immediate occasion for the disaster was the incendiary act of an individual, acting under agreement of himself and several persons. In time the identity of these persons may be publicly established.

"However, the primary cause of the total destruction of the building and its contents has been designated by expert counsel and advice to have been negligence of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, disregarding warnings both official and unofficial going back over a period of ten years, in the discharge of its obligation to provide adequate water service and fire protection for the safeguarding of the buildings within its

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The guaranteed net paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *last week (issue of May 14, 1937) was as follows:*

CARMEL DISTRICT

Paid Subscribers	366
Newsstand and Street Sales	135
Total, Carmel District	501

OUTSIDE CARMEL DISTRICT

Paid Subscribers	137
Total, Paid Circulation	638
Gain over previous week	11

(The total paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *in the Carmel District—Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach—is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.)*

first year, three years ago. Last year the number of persons attracted to Carmel by the second festival was double that of the first year. This year there have already been numerous reservations made and the Denny-Watrous management is daily receiving letters of inquiry and for tickets.

No possible program, of any nature whatsoever, could be given in Carmel that would attract a higher percentage of desirable human beings than does this Bach Festival. In fact, we can conceive of no program to be staged by any city which would do more for that city than such a great musical event would.

In years to come, and not very many years, either, the Carmel Bach Festival will be internationally known as a brilliant spot on the annual calendar of musical events. When the time comes it is possible that the business men of Carmel will look back with shame on this year and the last.

As for the city council's appropriation of a like sum last Wednesday night there is nothing much to be said. The council gave what it was asked for. Councils don't often go that far and we should probably be thankful.

But the magnanimous gift of Carmel's business people—91 cents apiece—sticks in our craw.

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STREET IMPROVEMENTS WOULD HELP SOLVE PROBLEM

There's one little proposition in Carmel that is running up close to dog ordinances as perpetual motion recurrences in the civic life of the community.

It is the Ocean avenue parking problem. The Business Association is again looking at it and talking about it. The chances are that it will continue for some time to come just a looking-at and talking-about matter. It has been for years, and there is no reason to believe that the animal has changed its temperament.

At the meeting of the association last week a trio which we will name Ewig, La Frenz and Hasty, because that happens to be their names, was handed out the unenviable assignment of investigating the matter. It is our guess that the three of them will get where other threes have got in the past—just nowhere.

The first reason is that Ocean avenue parking problem is a matter that only the said business men (and women) can solve and the second reason is that the business men (and women) have the solutions. The rub is in that word "solutions." You notice it has an "s" on it. Unfortunately no problem can be solved with more than one solution. In fact, what stops it from being solved is two or more solutions. The business men have them—they have them, in fact, almost up to the teens in our manner of counting.

It has been suggested, a bit humbly, mayhap, that if the merchants on Ocean avenue parked their private cars somewhere else than on Ocean avenue, the thing would be settled. Most of the merchants appear to agree to that. But where are they to park their cars? That's another of those rubs. Dolores street has a nice little bit of a parking problem itself. Mr. Murphy's new mill on San Carlos has dumped another problem on that street, and down on Lincoln the curb is pretty well lined itself.

These are all south from Ocean avenue. Now let us look to the north. Well, perhaps we hadn't better look to the north. At least, not on Lincoln or Dolores streets. It will sadden us. If we dare to peek around the corner on Sixth we will be still more saddened. With Lincoln it would be a proposition of surveying to find the curb and on Sixth—the least said about Sixth the better.

Then some want hour parking only on Ocean avenue. Some don't.

But the trio of investigators might be able to do something about getting action on improvement of these north-of-Ocean streets. The association has suggested that they look into it.

Of coure, if the merchants would be willing to park their cars up around Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh—well, anywhere along there—but why not leave the cars at home and walk to business? It's supposed to be good for one—like spinach.

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IS DR. GEORGE P. HEDLEY A COMMUNIST?

As noted elsewhere in these columns, Dr. George P. Hedley will address a Peace meeting at the First Presbyterian Church in Monterey this evening, under the auspices of the Emergency Peace Campaign and as a part of the No-Foreign Crusade, headed nationally by Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

Since this announcement has been made public through posters and the daily press, there have been queries at THE CYMBAL office as to the viewpoint Dr. Hedley holds in the realm of economics, sociology and politics. To be frank about it, we have been asked: "Is George Hedley a Communist?"

There is probably no one in Carmel right at the moment, unless it be Dr. Hedley himself, better able to answer that question than we are.

We gladly do. Dr. Hedley is so far from being a Communist that he is quite justifiably hated by the Communist Party of California. In fact, we know of no one quite so definitely considered a block to California Communist activities as is Dr. Hedley. He is particularly a Nemesis of the C. P. because he so well knows the C. P., its activities and its methods, and the C. P. so definitely knows that he knows.

As a point in his (we were going to say his defense, but Dr. Hedley needs no defense) activities which help to make him such a monkey-wrench in the C. P. machinery, we can cite the case of *Pacific Weekly* which, something over a year ago, he endeavored strenuously to keep out of the hands and out of the control of the Communist Party. His failure was only temporary. The Communists took the paper away from its editor and founder, but they were unable to continue it as their publication owing, to a large extent, to the influence of Dr. Hedley and those who supported his withdrawal from the magazine and his fight against it after the Communist occupation. *Pacific Weekly* died ignominiously while the Communists were trying to run it as a party organ.

As another point, it might be noted that it was Dr. George Hedley who, in the columns of *Pacific Weekly* two years ago, replied to Robert Briffault's "The Essential Lie of Christianity" with his "The Essential Life of Christianity."

We, who know Dr. Hedley so personally that we assume to call him friend, recommend him to you as a man with a brilliant mind, a broad thinker, a notable writer, a worthy poet, a convincing speaker and a man possessing an unusually fascinating personality.

It will add to the desired fullness of your life to hear him tonight—it would add to it if he were talking about pickles instead of peace. He might have to have a day or two preparation to talk about pickles—but you'd either hate or love pickles after his speech about them, according to his slant. Never, no never again afterward, would you be indifferent to them.

—W. K. B.

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Dick Masten Hurt In Ball Game

Dick Masten is in the Stanford Hospital in San Francisco, and he will probably be there for another week.

For two hours Wednesday afternoon he was under an anesthetic while Dr. Don King, bone specialist, actually sewed together the broken ends of a bone in his left shoulder. The break, called a spiral, was such that an ordinary setting was impossible.

Dick was laid low last Sunday when, as second baseman for the *Giants*, Abalone League top-ranking team (he so valiantly defended his base while awaiting a throw, that Dale Leidig of the *Tigers*, intent on getting there from first, crashed into him. The two players went down together. Dick was taken to the Peninsula Community Hospital where on Tuesday it was decided that his injury was a case for a bone specialist. So Hildreth took him to San Francisco.

On her return to Carmel Wednesday evening, Hildreth informed us that Dick was tight in a cast and would probably remain so for ten days. He was pretty sick, she said, when she left, but insisted that she come home and look after the family. Any little word of cheer you can think of to send up to him will undoubtedly be appreciated. You might even send him up a book on "Tax in Kind."

Quite incidentally, the *Tigers* won the game—11 to 8.

The second game of the day was taken by the *Pilots* who nosed out the *Shamrocks* 9 to 8 in a seventh inning splurge that brought in three runs.

The *Giants* still lead the league standing with four won and two lost. The *Tigers* and *Pilots* are tied for second place with three all and the *Shamrocks* are trailing with two victories to four ignominies.

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MRS. HOGLE ACCOMPANIES WIDOWED SISTER EAST

Helen McLachlan drove Mrs. Maude Hogle and the latter's sister, Mrs. Chancellor Jenks, to San Francisco in Mrs. Hogle's car Monday. Helen will return with the car and occupy Mrs. Hogle's Robles Del Rio cottage for a month or more while Mrs. Hogle remains with her sister in her Evanston, Illinois, home.

Mrs. Jenks' return home is a sad one. She and her husband were visiting in southern California when Mr. Jenks was suddenly stricken and died. Mrs. Hogle went south for her sister and returned with her to Carmel before the two departed for the east.

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ELISSA LANDI, NINO MARTINI WALK OUR MAIN STEM

Yes, we heard that Elissa Landi and Nino Martini and another man were in town this week. And we heard that they had a light tan car, a Packard, we believe, and Nino wore a light suit and a brown scarf tied so, and Elissa wore a brown and white and British tan tweed coat and she has red hair, and the other fellow wore a white suit and between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock noon they walked up and down Ocean avenue four times . . two times up and two times down. And Elissa bought a scarf from Jessie Joan Brown at Fraser Looms. And we know that Nino gave a concert in San Jose last Monday evening and is enjoying a short vacation before he returns to Hollywood, and that Nino and Elissa are "that way" about each other. But we don't care.

He wouldn't sing "Returna Sorrento" for us at his last concert here. He sang "A Locket in Your Pocket" instead. Mr. Nino can walk up and down Ocean avenue a hundred times and we won't ask him what he likes for breakfast or to autograph our favorite picture. We're doing pretty well even to tell you he was in town.

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Madame Leila Butler Hedges of San Juan Bautista has leased a house in Carmel Highlands. Mme. Hedges was a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Bensberg over the week-end.

KUSTER TEARING DOWN DOME OF GOLDEN BOUGH

Work is to begin shortly on the removal of the stage dome of the ruined Theatre of the Golden Bough, according to Ted Kuster, the owner, who was in town over the last week-end.

Kuster said that H. J. Leppert, who constructed the dome, will wreck it.

At the recent meeting of the city council it was decided to notify Kuster that the standing ruins of the theater constituted a menace to safety and that they would have to be removed. Kuster said last week that investigating engineers saw this menace only in the standing dome which will be taken down.

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at the head of "Professors' Row"
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Tubercular Test Will Be Given At Sunset

The Monterey County Tuberculosis Association, with the approval and assistance of the Monterey County Health Department and local Parent-Teacher Associations, is making a test survey to determine the number of children infected in the school district.

This sort of intelligent, far-seeing medical attention is a continuation of one of the most dramatic scientific battles against disease which this age has known. Ten years ago tuberculosis was far and above the leading cause for early death in the United States. Now it ranks sixth and the fight is going on. The work with children is most important as the white plague gets its real foothold among the young. The test which the Health Department proposes is a skin test similar to the Schick test for diphtheria. It is entirely safe. A positive reaction means the child has received an infection but does not necessarily have active tuberculosis. An X-ray examination of the chest, which will also be free, can determine the exact status of a positive test. Parents are asked to sign the consent slips for each child.

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SON OF THE WEAVERS DOES HIS PARENTS PROUD

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Weaver are proudly displaying Harold this week. Their son has returned from completion of his freshman year at the University of California, but preceding him came a postal card from the Berkeley institution of higher learning informing his parents that in all his courses for the past twelve months the best the professors could give him was A. Harold apparently takes this education business seriously.

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ALBERTA WRIGHT TO MAKE TOUR OF MEXICO

Alberta Wright leaves for a three-months' tour of Mexico on Saturday. She will sail on the S.S. *Pennsylvania* with her traveling companion and school mate from the University of California, Jane Horton. The two girls will land in Acapulco and plan to spend some time in Oxaco and Mexico City. Alberta hopes to learn some Spanish while she is down there and will probably tear down a few ancient pyramids to see how they are built.

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JAMES R. KAM TO HEAD ANIMAL SHELTER

At 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, May 24, in the Council Chambers of the City of Monterey, there will be a meeting of the Monterey County Humane Society. At this meeting the new manager of the Monterey County Humane Shelter, James R. Kam, will be introduced. Kam has had very fine training and experience in this line of work and has recently been with the Irene Castle refuge for homeless dogs and cats which is called "Orphans of the Storm." He is originally from Holland where dogs are an economic necessity. The interested public is invited to attend the meeting and meet Mr. Kam.

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STEINBECK'S 'MICE AND MEN' IN RADIO DRAMA

A dramatization of John Steinbeck's latest book, "Of Mice and Men," opened a new radio program heard over KPO from 6 to 7 o'clock last Sunday evening. John is busy in New York at the present writing the book into playable form for a Fall stage presentation. George Kaufman will be the producer.

HIGHLANDS STUDIO IS MECCA FOR ROUND-WORLD GUESTS

Mrs. Millicent Sears had guests from practically every continent staying at the "Studio," her place in Carmel Highlands, last week-end. Among those enjoying Studio hospitality were Mrs. Nellie Green Beeks of Long Beach and her sister, Mrs. Harold G. Jones, of Miami, Florida.

Don B. Monroe, who is now having a year's leave of absence from a government job in Shanghai, carried a card in his pocket from the Studio all during the seven years he had been there. When he came back to this coast he headed for the Highlands, which he remembered as one of the most beautiful spots in the world. He went away this time fully convinced that his memory had served him well.

From Holland came James R. Kam to sign the register. He has recently been connected with the Irene Castle refuge for homeless dogs and cats, "Orphans of the Storm."

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MRS. ELIZABETH LEY THROWN EVERYWHERE BUT OUT

Zooming around Monterey bay on a mellow, moonlit night in Hub Power's very elegant new speed boat, *Seabiscuit*, is our idea of the most fun we could possibly have without giving rise to gossip.

We cut our first tooth on an old sea-captain's malodorous pipe, and invariably feel, in consequence, a great nostalgic yearning in the presence of boats of any kind. But even someone with less romantic subconscious associations could be thrilled by Hub's boat, which is no ordinary craft. He drove it up from Balboa in 21 hours and it is a thoroughly seaworthy little job. As the Captain himself has stated, "She'll throw you any way but over."

The *Seabiscuit* is about to lose her amateur standing and can now be chartered "by private parties for pleasure rides daily," or so it says on Hub's impressive business card.

—E. L.

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ANOTHER LOST CARRIER PIGEON DROPS IN

Another lost carrier pigeon has been found in this vicinity. This one was discovered by Mrs. R. L. Castro of Big Sur, hobnobbing with her chickens. It is a blue pigeon with a red band and the number, 243, on his left leg, and another band, numbered 337 and lettered Con C, and the word Foothill, on the right leg. Mrs. Castro captured the bird after it became a bit tame. She would like to hear from its owner.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS have a way about them.

YES! THIS IS OUR REGULAR SERVICE

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Women's League Talks Treaties

At the last sectional meeting of this year of the Government and Foreign Policy Department of the League of Women Voters, at the Carmel Valley home of Miss Orre Haseltine Tuesday, discussion centered around the question of the continuing of the Reciprocal Trade policy of the government. Maps were shown of America's position with regard to trade agreements in the world today and plans for extending this field of action were tentatively made. The League stands back of the general policy of reciprocal trade, and has been influential, through its national organization, in lobbying for it. Mrs. Russell Scott of Salinas, who is chairman of the group, directed the discussion.

In the afternoon Mrs. Howard F. Clark presented notes on "The Changing International Scene," designed to keep the group informed about and oriented in the contemporary scene.

The next general meeting of the league will be held at Pine Inn in Carmel on May 24. At this time there will be, also, a luncheon meeting, at which time Mrs. Carl Voss, outgoing president, and Miss Lydia Weld, incoming to that office, will report on the national meeting, which they have just attended in Washington, D.C. Since the league meeting caused quite a stir in the Capital, this should be an event of more than usual interest.

JUNE DELIGHT'S PUPILS DANCE TOMORROW NIGHT

A full program with 60 performers will hold the stage at Sunset Auditorium tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. June Delight will present her pupils and herself in a dance recital of solo and group work. The program divides itself into a group of tap and clog dances, a ballet sequence which will include a toe solo by Madelaine McDonough, some waltz numbers and a group doing a tango, Eileen McEldowney a gipsy dance and a solo "Espanita" by June Delight herself. Other spots of interest in the program include a Military tap, a Dutch dance, and a duo called "Russian Winter." Nineteen of the youthful dancers will go to town on a Swing Rhythm Tap as a finale to the evening.

La Collecta Club met Wednesday at the home of Mrs. O. A. Holmes at Fifth and Lincoln streets. There were readings from the *Radio Guide* by Mrs. Clara L. Beller, "The Life of Grace Moore," and by Mrs. Clara Nixon, "The Life of Minetta Allen." A birthday cake was cut for Mrs. C. F. Haskell.

THE CORNER

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THE CORNER

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BEAUTIFUL HOMES

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The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Well, it takes a sudden jar to shake all that Carmel stuff out of our eyes and hair and get our feet down on the ground again. It takes a great big jar, and a lot of backbone, too, just to drop off that idyllic life among the pines and oaks down by the sea, and get back to pounding big city pavements in search of news.

Not that Santa Cruz is such a big city, but it is a pretty active city, and this reporter has to keep his eyes on one sheriff, two judges, a district attorney, the police station, building permits, superior court files, hospitals and health officers, and about two thousand sportsmen of all creeds, meaning of course that some are fishermen, some hunters, others baseball or tennis players, swimmers, speedboat enthusiasts, and marble experts.

It's a busy life and a grand one, but full of those trying times every newspaperman meets every day, mostly evolving about the battle against the clock: Rush here, rush there, get back, make deadlines, don't forget correspondence, get out that column the night before, say the right thing and not the wrong thing, and don't take any strong statements on your own shoulders. I can't think just now what other things there are to this game, but it's all cock-eyed.

As our correspondent who works for the United Press, Mr. McLemore, is fond of saying, Well, this is a family service and I can't say what I'd like to say, words might fail, but all is better not said. Just wait for my straightjacket which is down at the tailor's.

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Now I must tell you about the gentleman whose place I am taking until some time in November. He is Ben Black, an Irishman who has red hair much like his brother, Bill Black, husband of Polly Bosworth, daughter of the Neil Bosworths and sister of Abbie Lou and Betsy, both well known in Carmel.

This Irishman Black got tired of it all and Wednesday left San Francisco for a long sea voyage, to South America and thence through the Panama Canal to Europe, with no stops out of Cristobal-Colon. Behind him he left a great horned owl, a pet of some years standing, to whom he bequeathed six pounds of liver as a parting gesture. By now, Timothy, the owl I mean, has probably forgotten all about Ben, but isn't that only human after all.

Ben had a winning smile and it was trying for me to see him go. So many ladies in various offices on the beat wept when Ben said goodbye, in my presence, that I'm just going to sneak out of town next fall without a murmur. In fact, I'm thinking of having Walter Chamberlain, my partner, come up to Santa Cruz in that little fishing packet, the *Mary Hart*, and have me whisked away by sea.

That's how a great, great grandaddy of mine got out of England at the time of the Revolution, so it's good enough for me. I have an idea that's also how several of "Ma's" uncles ever got out of the South Seas and how her father ever went home from what were then the Sandwich Islands, now Hawaii.

Well, I was sorry to see Ben go, but not quite as sorry as I appear to have made out. You see I have his job, and although I wouldn't put any man out of a job, I'm not at all sorry for myself in the present circumstances.

Ben is a swell guy and I know he's going to have a swell time on my behalf all down the Pacific coast and through the Canal and across to the other side where the real fun begins. He went back to Ireland, not for the Coronation, which was really poor taste on the part of royalty, don't you know, but to fish. He'll be wetting flies all over the wilds of Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and invading France as well with his big car which he is taking with him.

He should knock over all those royal dames over there with that big American car, and he'll have to no doubt turn down duchesses by the score, to say nothing of princesses and all that crowd of— gee whizz, Ma, an awful word almost came out that time, but I didn't mean it.

And I can tell you, I'm having all that fun, too, just thinking of that young fellow, who is just my own age, having all that good time, eating, sleeping, swimming, fishing, and driving around Europe.

Why, it's almost like that song entitled, "Willie the Weeper." That's a long story and I first knew that song when I began working for Willie Morrison who was our sports editor on the Montreal *Gazette*.

We sang it with reverence and beery breaths many mornings after work, while we were waiting for the dawn to go home.

Willie, of the song, took dope, and woke up on a foreign shore. There he met Cleopatra "riding in an automobile with diamond headlights and a golden wheel."

Well, being a sports writer and reporter is just like taking dope, so now Ben's free for a few months, there won't be any stopping of the young Irishman. And if I know anything of the Blacks, there's no stopping them any way.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS are so full of a number of things "I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."—some kings.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Nino Martini, a recent visitor here, when asked if he had a dog, answered, "I am very sorry. I have no dog. I would like very much to have a dog but I travel so much of the time I cannot. It is too bad." Yes, we, too, are very sorry Mr. Martini has no dog—for if he had a dog this might have happened:

Nino Martini had a dog, a little black one named Giovanni who loved him very much. Martini used to sing a snatch of the "Credea si Miserere" aria (the part where he hits "F" above high "C") when he wanted to call Giovanni. Giovanni had a very appreciative ear and loved to hear his master's beautiful tenor voice. But best of all he liked to go back stage and sit in the wings and listen to his master sing the operas.

One time Giovanni was backstage listening to his master singing "I Puritani." Everything was going perfectly. The audience was enthralled. Then Martini burst into the "Credea si Miserere." Giovanni stiffened; up went his ears. Martini reached the part where he takes "F" above high "C." Giovanni dashed madly onto the stage and danced around his master, barking wildly and howling with joy that his master should call him right in the middle of an opera—

If Nino Martini had a dog this might have happened.

"But," said Mr. Martini, "I have no dog. I am sorry." We are so sorry, too.

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That huge grey Wolfhound who caused the loungers along Ocean avenue to gasp at his size is Ard Ri na Teanrha, a Gaelic gentleman who is here from San Francisco with his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong Dean. The young fellow (he is only three years old) was quite taken with Carmel's pride and joy, Pal, the counterpart of the old-time political "ward boss" who runs the town. Teanrha was mistaken by a near-sighted villager for one of the entries in the Del Monte race meet.

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Another interesting visitor from San Francisco is Bandolero Campbell. He is well known among the spaniel set (he is a King Charles), and comes here often with his mistress, Mrs. Rose Campbell.

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Queenie, a Great Dane, is the latest addition to the household of Commander and Mrs. Martin Peterson. She shares the affections of the family with Patty, Goldie, and the cat, Tiajuana Red. Queenie has to sleep on the back porch because that is the only place big enough to accommodate her, but she doesn't mind. She says the fresh air makes youngsters big and strong. (If she grows any bigger, the Petersons will have to turn the "Ditty Box," their guest house, over to her.

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Carmel's favorite dark gentleman and roust-about-town, Baby, was very much in evidence at the Carnival at the Sunset School last week. He seemed to be a sort of unofficial master-of-ceremonies, dashing from booth to booth, wearing a "Is everybody happy" expression, and seeing that everyone had a good time.

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Andrew Sessink To Be Festival Tenor Soloist

Andrew J. Sessink of Carmel will be the tenor soloist for the Third Annual Bach Festival, presented by the Denny-Watrous management. Sessink must have started singing from the cradle because at the age of eight he was boy soprano soloist at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Grand Rapids, Michigan. At the same age he sang the "Elijah" oratorio from memory at the First Presbyterian Church in Detroit. He was soloist at St. Mark's for 13 years, and although his specialty has been religious music he has sung many oratorios and light opera roles. A graduate of the Grand Rapids Conservatory of Music he has been the guest soloist at many different college musical presentations, and a member of the famous Schubert Club of Grand Rapids. Besides his solo work he has been director of six choirs in the middle west and has given several concerts since he came to the Peninsula. At present Sessink is training with Borghild Janson. He will sing the tenor arias from "Gottes Zeit," "Freue Dich" and the "Coffee Cantata." The last is a secular cantata and the other two are religious.

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Mr. and Mrs. John Magee of Pebble Beach were hosts to a group of friends from San Francisco last week-end. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Cooper and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lapham.

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CLANGING CYMBALS

We wake this Twentieth of May in the morning, with the sun of California pouring in our east windows and a meadow lark atune. And, lying lazily on our back to catch the first breathing of the morning, we think of this day forty-one years ago, when our grandmother rose at dawn and went in to call Sue, the maid. Get up, Sue, she said, Agnes is going to be married today.

Sue had a long, sharp nose. Sue was one of that now practically extinct species, a New England Spinster. She pushed the nose out from under the crazy quilt and said, Oh glory be. I'd ruther wash.

Young Agnes was already up when her mother went to call her. She had got the pan of milk from the butt'ry and skimmed off the cream for the morning coffee. The scent of the new-laid birch bark fire, of sweet coffee and bloom of Northern Spy trees outside the kitchen door embellished her wedding morning. Robins were calling busily from nest to nest, Kill 'im, cure 'im, give 'im physic; kill 'im, cure 'im, give 'im physic; hic. When grandfather came in to scald corn meal for his hens, he teased her gently and she blushed through her freckles.

After the morning work was done, she went to the shaded garden at the southwest corner of the house and gathered pink moss rose buds and lilies of the valley for her bouquet. The dew was still on them. Her mother brushed her brown-sheened hair for her and carefully arranged her bangs. She wore little suede slippers. Her dress was a heavy golden brocade, with her mother's tiny stitching all over its ruffles and many gores. She was excited and color came in two spots on her brown cheeks.

When her young man came spanking up the drive, she got in over the wheels of the buggy and they rode off to the parsonage to be married.

On that day, she partook of a sacrament. For the remaining thirty-six years of her life her living bread and wine were her god and my father.

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It seems to us that we have forgiven Deah Old Harvard a great deal, what with one thing and another—or, annuit coeptis, as they have it around the Yard—but now we are through with it all. They can just go ahead and have their Professor of Musicology for all we care.

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The story we like best this week comes from one of our slightly outlying schools. It seems the morning bell had rung. Gertie had just got in under the wire and Teacher had stared William's gum back into his larynx. It was a warm day and the door was open. Teacher was just getting down to a tough spot in arithmetic, when in through the front door walked a cat.

We understand that this generation does not laugh and cry to see a cat in school. The young men and young women simply looked once at the cat and back at Long Division. Teacher also looked at the cat, but was thinking, rather, of multiplication. "You will take this problem," she said a little hastily, and stated the problem.

The cat just sat. She seemed quite composed, but meditative. After a bit she got up and walked over to the woodbox. Sniffing a thoughtful inquiry, she finally climbed in.

"Who has the answer?" Teacher asked quickly.

John drawled, "The answer is four and a . . ."

There was a squeak. From the woodbox.

John began again, evenly. "I *think* the answer is four and a hal . . ."

The cat got out of the woodbox looking, if a trifle wan, perceptibly triumphant. She gurrrred once, wriggled curiously and got back into the woodbox.

"Four and a . . ." John shouted bravely.

But the next squeak was deafening in the quiet schoolroom. Teacher's fingers went limp and the ruler dribbled to the floor. Eddie raised his hand.

"Yes, Eddie?"

"Say, Teacher, this is an old sweater I got on. D . . don't you think . . . that rough wood, you know."

Teacher put Eddie's sweater into the woodbox. "Yes, go on, John," she said.

"Four and a half," John got off suddenly, just as a succession of squawks flowed hysterically from the woodbox. By now, Teacher was visibly distrait. But not the cat. Nor the children. The cat got out of the box again and sat down by Teacher and began licking herself and mewing. In the middle of a mew, she got hastily back into the box.

"Teacher, I got four for an answer. Just four," Phoebe announced solemnly.

"There's almost always a runt," one of the boys said helpfully.

Teacher took a good look at the woodbox. "The answer," she said, "is four—and a runt."

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Everywhere we go of late, the beauty of roses assails us. This has not been so to us in California hitherto, we from the North feeling the roses to be perhaps too gaudy for our taste. But this year we felt a difference in them. They seemed fresher, less wanton.

So we went, yesterday, over to the rose garden of Mr. Francis Lester, who lives up back of the Monterey High School and is famous far and wide. Right here we must warn you, for your own sake and for Mr. Lester's, that if you want to see a tawdry display of color, great boobing Hollywood heads, go elsewhere. Go anywhere. But don't bother this gentleman whose little wild roses from the Himalayas, high in an oak tree and practically shorn of bloom at the moment, are dearer to him than all the American Beauties you could muster. But go softly.

And, if you go softly, you will be rewarded by an hour with a man learned in his profession and filled with the grace of loving it.

He answered our question about the enhanced beauty of this season's bloom, right off quick. "But of course," he said, "the rose is naturally a deciduous plant. It needs a rest in the winter. And this winter's frosts gave it that rest. The sap went down in them, and they were able to relax."

We were standing then under an oak in whose branches, twenty-five feet over our heads, a Silver Moon was laughingly rioting. We understood what he meant, for our own Silver Moon, that climbs over the woodshed and both garages and then up on ancient apple tree at home, has a long, long rest every year from August to June and then she goes mad—simply mad.

"Ah," we said, breathing quite low, "here in this shade is a moss rose. What memories. Our Mother carried moss roses from Grandmother's garden on her wedding day."

"Now there," Mr. Lester said, "is the beauty of our old-fashioned roses. They evoke memories. It is what I call their association value. If you will remember, Dean Hole speaks of this in his 'Book of the Rose.' He tells how, on having to leave his own gardens and go up to London for a few days, he became unbearably lonely for them. And, taking a walk in the evening along the city streets, and musing, a flower vendor came up and offered him a moss rose bud for tuppence. And how, feeling its delicacy, he turned on his heel, packed his bag, and went back to his garden."

The English clergymen, he added, have been the great rose growers.

We asked if all countries had their roses. "It's a strange thing," he answered. "All countries of the northern hemisphere, yes. But no countries in the southern hemisphere. Now answer me that one, if you can."

In a rusty old can by the path is the Rosa Foetida, so named because it is supposed to smell outrageous—that is, for a rose. It is a small, single orange-colored bloom, looking out of place there. But this is the color parent of all our roses with yellow and orange in them. Mr. Lester speaks fervently of Pernet Ducher, who spent fourteen years trying to cross-fertilize this little wild rose of Austria and who, at the end of fourteen years got one seedling from which all our Talismans and the like have come.

He likes the single roses best, and commented on the fact that in all art, only the single rose has been used. The Graeco-Roman motifs, the Tudor Rose, and so on.

His oldest rose, he touched, perhaps, most lovingly. The Rose of Damascene, that we know here as the Castilian Rose. It is heavy with fragrance and the tenderness of delicately tinted bloom. And it was the Rose of Babylon, brought west along the Mediterranean coast to Spain and thence to this country with the Mission Fathers, so that some of us know it as the Rose of the Mission Fathers. It has a lovely bloom, but not the crispness of a debutante's corsage. A flower to speak of mellowness and meditation. Perhaps it bloomed at the foot of Mount Carmel once, where the Lord came to walk in His garden.

After passing the one red bud of Etoile de Holland and stopping a moment to fix a yellow Star of Persia in our heart, Mr. Lester took us to the sacrosanct place where his Mermaid grows—in the shade of an old oak—seedling of an evergreen rose from Western China. There she lay, a beautiful lady in her green pool of leaf. We knelt and felt her single petalled face and gathered in her fragrance with all our senses. She is more than a rose, if that can be, just as Mr. Francis Lester is more than a grower of roses—if that can be. He gave us a bud of her and she is slowly opening in our small room. If she misses Western China she is a true lady of that land, and is graciously refraining from telling us about it.

Yes, when you are in sore need of shrift, your heart ready for grace, your tongue silent for listening, your soul thirsting for knowledge, you may go over and do your obeisances to the Climbing Jule Margottin which Mr. Lester has reclaimed from an old California Garden, and which is not a jealous god.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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RECREATION PROJECT GIVES VERY GOOD DANCE

The Recreation Project of the WPA held a dance Monday evening at the Peninsula Community Center under the direction of Mrs Stella Mather, project supervisor. The Federal Music Project "Swing Band" played for a group of 175 young people. The attendance has increased by 60 since the last dance, a sure sign that a good time is provided. The dances are free and the next one will be in the near future. You may look for announcements in your paper or keep an ear open for the old "grapevine" method of communication.

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Erastus Hopkins Dies at Home In Carmel

One of Carmel's well-loved and respected citizens, Erastus Hopkins, died last Sunday after an illness of two years. Funeral services were held Tuesday morning, May 17, at 11 o'clock, at St. John's Chapel at Del Monte. The Rev. Theodore Bell, Chaplain, conducted the service. Hopkins was a senior warden at the Chapel and the attendants at the last rites were his fellow members of the vestry.

Mrs. Anna Hopkins left Tuesday afternoon for Worcester, Mass., their old home. The burial will take place there tomorrow and Mrs. Hopkins will stay with friends for about a month before she returns to Carmel.

Hopkins was born in Greenfield, Mass., in June, 1867. His father, W. S. B. Hopkins, was a leader of the Massachusetts bar. After graduating from Williams College, he entered Worcester Technical College and received his master's degree in chemical engineering and industrial engineering. After his marriage to Mrs. Hopkins they traveled extensively throughout the United States and lived in many states, wherever his work called him. Ten years ago they came to Carmel to make their home here as Mr. Hopkins could not stand the eastern winters. Although he was retired he still maintained a lively interest in city engineering problems and often rendered valuable assistance.

Besides his widow, he leaves a sister, Mrs. Alfred L. Aiken, of New York City, and a brother, W. S. B. Hopkins, of Worcester, Mass.

The members of the Vestry of St. John's Chapel desire the press to extend the sincere sympathy of the members and friends of the church to Mrs. Hopkins and to express their appreciation for his fine work.

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MRS. PETERSON REPUDIATES AD; WILL KEEP DOG

There ought to be a law against these people who use CYMBAL classified ads and then refuse to live up to the letter of them—or, better, there should be a law against permitting dogs to pilfer hearts.

Mrs. Commander M. J. Peterson put a classified ad in THE CYMBAL two weeks ago, offering to give any interested and kind person a Great Dane which had moved in on her home without bidding. She got replies shortly after THE CYMBAL appeared. But the repliers didn't get the dog. The Great Dane had wasted no time going to work on Mrs. Peterson's affections. So, the first applicant was greeted by the lady with "No soap," or words more becoming to Mrs. Peterson, but to the same effect.

She's keeping the Great Dane. He has moved in permanently, with her two other dogs and a cat or two.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS do the most surprising and unexpected things.

If You're Particularly Nice, You May Live With Bob's New Gadget

Normandy Apartments did not have to wait long for tenants. In fact, they are getting to the point where Virginia Stanton is able to pick and choose the occupants—whether they play Culbertson or Pitman (no, that's shorthand); whether they are Presbyterians or atheists; whether they prefer Italian Vermouth or Coca Cola without a chaser; whether they read by the Digest system or get their education by looking at *Life*; whether they—

But Bob Stanton has been getting in some gadgets for the new cliff (pardon us) apartment dwellers. He has a gadget that looks like a wooden plate, and has a dill pickle glass dish in the middle and turns around at the wink of an eye to get the biggest pickle on your side, and is called an Indolent Ida or a Somnolent Susan, or something, and at four points diametrically opposed to each other, as one is at bridge, there are candle sticks of brass—

And in the cupboards in the kitchens are canisters, or dinkusses for salt, pepper, cinnamon and thyme in colors to match the left pillow on the davenport under the main window—

And the new bridge lamps either throw the light toward the ceiling or down to the floor, or both—

And the spiral staircase which we can't illustrate without using our hands is lined with Martha Washingtons—

And the lantern at the entrance gate looks like a piece out of Fifth avenue in the Old Homestead where the old man goes to find his daughter—or was it his son?—

And Mrs. Young smiles sweetly around, leaving you wondering whether she is prouder of her daughter, her son-in-law or her apartments.

Carmel Library Has Effective Display Of Books For Good Will Week

International Good Will Day was last Tuesday, May 18. The public library in Carmel has an exhibit in the windows of the Fee Building, next door to the library, as its contribution.

The exhibit, which will remain in the windows until Sunday, includes adult and children's books, and posters which were submitted by members of the Youth's Peace Council of the Pacific Grove High School. The adult books were chosen from a group of current and past literature dealing with the possibilities of a future war, the causes of past wars and kindred subjects. "Technics and Civilizations" by Lewis Mumford, and "Mars, His Idiot" by H. M. Tomlinson, which are intelligent eye-openers for the layman, are among the group and a small volume by Albert Einstein, "The Fight Against War," will surely inspire many passers-by to put in their reservations.

The children's books are tales from many lands and Miss Elizabeth Niles' selection here is based on the ideal of world friendship and understanding through a knowledge of the customs and habits of our foreign neighbors. One of the books has such a lovely name that we would like to have it in our own library. It is by Aanrud, a Dane, and called "Sidsel Longshirt and Solve Suntrap."

May 18 was originally called *Hague Day* and was celebrated every year from 1899 until it was interrupted by the World War. It commemorated the first great Disarmament Conference which was called at The Hague by the Czar of Russia. In July, 1923, educational leaders from 50 different countries met in San Francisco and organized the World Federation of Educational Associations and resolved to continue with the celebration of Good Will Day as part of their peace program.

The students who belong to the Youth's Peace Council have most of them signed the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact which outlaws war, and through posters, research and outside programs they are trying to further peace education.

MANY CARMEL PEOPLE ABIDE IN NATION'S CAPITAL

Mrs. Jean Ritchie, who was reporting to us the other day the arrival of her husband, affectionately known as Bob and literarily as Robert Welles Ritchie, remarked that Carmel persons, or Carmel-tainted, or tinted persons are numerous in Washington, D.C., where she was lately. She said that at a cocktail party just before she left, there were better than a dozen people and all but one of them had once belonged to Carmel or had lived here for a period. She noted at the party Hilda Argo Weitz, and husband, Helen Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Carlton, Lieut. Robert Martin and Mrs. Martin, Commander and Mrs. Thompson and, of course, herself and Bob.

DENNY-WATROUS TO PRESENT SALZBURG OPERA COMPANY

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous will open their second annual concert series in San Jose with Yehudi Menuhin playing on October 22.

The outstanding event of the season will be the original Salzburg Opera Company singing its Salzburg repertoire January 15. This is the first time the famous group has come to America and those of us who have yearned over the travel folders each summer will get our Salzburg close at hand. The Joos Ballet will give a return engagement December 6 and the piano team of Luboschultz and Nemenoff will complete the season with a concert to be given March 18.

BUS TERMINAL TO MOVE TO SIXTH AND DOLORES

Joe's Taxi, headquarters for the Monterey-Carmel stage, and its terminal in Carmel, has acquired a lease on the property at the southwest corner of Sixth and Dolores street and plans to move the terminal there. The taxi stand will remain where it is—on Ocean avenue, next to the library.

Joe has installed a gasoline pump for the use of his own taxis and the stage, and now seeks consent of surrounding property owners for a permit to sell gasoline. It is claimed that there is now no place in Carmel where a motorist can get gasoline after 10 o'clock at night and Joe desires to gratify the craving of late drivers. If the permit is granted, however, it will give him the right to sell gasoline at any time and as this would mean just another service station, of which we have a plethora, there is opposition to his petition.

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Reading the CLASSIFIED ADS is a good habit.

MILLS COLLEGE GALLERY HAS SOME KOKOSCHKA WORK

Just in case you are plannig to be in the East Bay any time this summer from June 27 to August 6, this is a little note to remind you to go to the Mills College Art Gallery and see the exhibit of work by Oscar Kokoschka of Prague who will be teaching art at the college summer session. This is the first exhibit of his work in the United States and an opportunity not to be missed by those who would keep up with the leading lights in the world of art.

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About Ivan, Paint, Station Wagon And Stubby

Ivan Kelsey, known to his acquaintances as "The Terrible," but not so to Stubby, has a brand new station wagon. No, it isn't a Ford; it's a Dodge. It cost $15 more than a Ford. It's nifty looking and will be able to carry Viola and the children as well as paint. Kelsey says he needs it to carry paint. Two years ago he says that, although he was a painter even then, he didn't carry any paint because nobody wanted any paint—or couldn't pay to have any paint. Now everybody's paying for having paint and Kelsey is painting 'em—that is, is painting, not 'em, but what 'em want painted. We hope you follow us, because we're going on—to Stubby. Stubby is a case for Jessie Joan, but we're appropriating him. Stubby—let's go on to the next paragraph.

Stubby is part bull and part terrier. Not the bovine bull, but the canine bull. He is black and has white whiskers. He superintends painting jobs done by Kelsey. Kelsey, thinking himself a good painter, doesn't, naturally, like superintending. So, when he departs the house in the morning—generally early enough in the morning to catch Steve Patterson just unlocking the door—he doesn't let Stubby out.

But, shortly after Ivan has gone, Viola, who doesn't think he is so much shucks as a painter, lets Stubby out to do his superintending. Sometimes Stubby makes Steve's before Ivan gets down the last gulp of coffee, but if Viola sleeps late, he has to hunt the job all by himself. But he gets there, whether Ivan is out on The Point or up in Carmel Woods or just around the corner.

There's something about Stubby that brings back again Kipling's warning about the relatively short life of such solaces: "If you give your heart to a dog to tear . . ."

\+ + +

OUR VIRGINIA GETS IN DUTCH WITH POLICE

At least, our local newsvendors who go in for breaking the laws, seem to be careful about their precedents. It was a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States who got caught without his hunting license last year, wasn't it, Mr. Griffin? When our Virginia found herself practically wall-papered over with tickets for parking on the wrong side of Dolores street yesterday—Judge Ross and Bob Norton making pulp of her, to mix our metaphors—she also had history to back her up. We remember quite well when Professor Hudson of the Harvard Law School got pinched plenty for wandering along the Post Road on the wrong side. He had just got home from England, though.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS get more and more week by week, and that's a sign of something or other.

CARMEL CAPERS

We spent so much of last week both in San Francisco and on the highway between there and Carmel, having made several trips back and forth, that it was difficult to observe local happenings. But, in deference to our own insensate greed for life and our anxiously awaiting public (we're still looking for that third guy) we tried not to miss anything in either place, and covered the miles between with greatest possible speed.

\+

The hotel strike was still unsettled in San Francisco. Strike is a word with such violent implications that one is struck by the outwardly apparent mildness of a strike in progress.

The pickets stroll about ever so casually, joking and talking with one another, and, but for the little red band on their arm, quite indistinguishable from any other citizen.

Some of them appear to have brought their wives and children to sit with them in the sun, and one had a small Scottish terrier, adorned about the middle with a red band marked "picket."

\+

Ronnie Johnson and Johnny Nye are leaving for Shanghai to see Life and seek their fortunes. Ronnie threatens to teach the heathen Chinee some very pungent journalistic English, not to be found in the *Pine Cone* files.

Jean MacDonald claims that she, also, is going back to China to seek a husband she left there, in a moment of pique—and anything else the Orient may have to offer.

When the poor, persecuted Chinese become aware of this predatory incursion from Carmel, they are going to get down on their knees and pray whatever gods there be to send them a nice, soothing little Japanese invasion instead.

\+

If Judge Ross persists in this idea of "banishing" mal-factors from Carmel, we shall soon have a new (if not a better) race sponsored and sired exclusively by the members of the City Council and the police force.

\+

Some of our rod and reel enthusiasts, who had been laying plans over their beers these many months, finally dispersed up the valley and actually pulled in a few. The freres Nesbitt, Phil and John (of radio fame), are reported to have done sensationally well after having reserved a special stream all to themselves.

\+

One can recognize in the stock and bond men at Del Monte last week-end, the college boys of a few years ago grown slightly more mature, though still unmistakably bottle-fed.

\+

Our attitude is properly and deeply reverential toward America's favorite sport. Nevertheless, we were slightly distressed to see the classical features of our own Mr. Esquire inelegantly obscured by a catcher's mask.

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Congratulations are due Henry Choisser, well known to all patrons of Whitney's, who spent his 30th birthday on the other side of the bar.

\+

Snap Nelson, in full western cowboy regalia, again brightens our community. Since spending several months in a hospital recovering from the effects of an auto crack-up, he intends sticking to and on horses from now on.

\+

The trouble with some people is that they put their worst foot forward—and when they put the other foot forward, it's not such a hell of a lot better.

—Libby Ley

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WELL—MAYBE IT WAS ONE OF THOSE BATTERY RADIOS...

You can't say we're picking on Birney Adams—he picks on himself.

For instance—not long ago he dropped in on a certain recently-completed house in town for the purpose of inspecting the gas connections. He did, and apparently found them O.K. For some reason or other he delayed inspection of the electric wiring until another visit. He so informed the owner of the property who was at the time domiciled in the house.

"But don't connect the electricity until I make the inspection," he told the owner.

"No," was the bald reply.

After Birney had gone, the owner's wife stumbled out of the kitchen, as wives have been known to do. She was in a somewhat nervous state.

"I heard what he said," she told her husband, "And I was shaking in my shoes. That radio—he was almost leaning on it, and he didn't notice it."

". . . . cloudy tomorrow, with light west wind . . ." shouted the radio at Birney as he went down the walk outside and climbed into his car.

\+ + +

STOVE PIPE HALL GANG HAS PICNIC ON BEACH

"Stove Pipe Hall" gang gathered around a bonfire on the beach for a picnic supper last Friday evening. Alternating toasting toes and practically singeing hair the congenial group talked and ate, told a few stories . . . just for a lark. Janie and Clay Otto brought a big pan of tamale loaf and those there to partake were Suzanne and Harry Hedger, Ethel Warren, Amelie Waldo, Mrs. Louise Fry, Bert Heron, Dudley Carter, Remo and Virginia Scardigli, Jack Williamson, Damo Vuletich, Jane Caldwell, guest of the Scardiglis, and Henry Dickinson.

Building Permits Get Birney Dizzy

Birney Adams, city building inspector and the guy from whom you have to get your building permit, wishes they would call a moratorium on building. Birney says he is tired and he has a lot of stuff to catch up on. Going around to inspect the new buildings in Carmel is like investigating each and every mushroom in a big field. They spring up behind your back. So far this month there has been $26,874 worth of building business in Carmel and another week or so ahead of us.

New permits issued since the last issue of The Cymbal are:

Mrs. N. Jacco, remodel a barn into a cottage at Carpenter between Third and Fourth, $1,000. Day labor.

Mrs. Mary Dummage, one story brick veneer and stucco commercial building at Lincoln and Ocean, $7,478. A. C. Stoney, builder.

W. D. Carter, additions to residence at Mission between Tenth and Eleventh, $700. Day labor.

Cornelia Gilman, two story residence at Dolores between Santa Lucia and Thirteenth, $3,000. Day labor.

R. F. Ohm, one story board cottage at Lincoln between Fifth and Sixth, $1,000. Self.

E. A. Fraser, additions to residence at Torres and Mountain View, $1,000. Miles Bain, builder.

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LEGION PLANS FOR STEAK BARBECUE NEXT WEEK

A barbecue that will probably result in thick, juicy steaks is scheduled by the Carmel Post of the American Legion for Saturday, May 29, at the old Indian Village on the 17-mile drive. It will be just one of those Legion monthly get around the fireplace and enjoy yourself affairs, and the proceeds will go into the fund to help pay off the clubhouse debt. Yes, of course, you pay for your steak and the fixings.

\+ + +

Mrs. George Grafft left last Monday for Miles City, Montana. She will visit with her mother and with many old acquaintances.

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Good Jockies To Ride Del Monte Track

Jockey Noel (Spec) Richardson, outstanding rider at Bay Meadows and Santa Anita, will be seen in action at the inaugural meet of the Monterey County Racing Association.

Richardson, a veteran who has been performing in spectacular form, will ride for Ross Cooper, who maintains a large public stable for various owners including William Le Baron, Altadena Stable, and others.

Among the horses from the Cooper stable at the Del Monte meet will be *Bonicon*, fast California-bred three-year-old, owned by Mrs. Grace Mildren.

Jockey Richardson has had an odd career. He zoomed into prominence as an apprentice and then virtually dropped from sight a year or two later. He had trouble making "weight," sold his "tack" and decided to quit the racetracks. However, he got married, got ambition, shaved off weight and made a brilliant come-back.

Allen Gray, another good jockey, has been engaged to ride W. A. Thomas' *Lady Bowman*, the fast daughter of the one-time speed marvel, *Carlaris*. A five-year-old now, *Lady Bowman* looms the likely favorite for the Salinas Handicap, opening headliner of the Del Monte season.

In addition to *Lady Bowman*, Thomas has the consistent *Paradun*, a winner of two in a row, and *Blue Lillian*, a sprinter which has just been returned to training.

Jockey George Burns will ride *Don Roberto*, the gigantic four-year-old, largest horse in racing today, owned by the Why Worry Farm of Mrs. William P. Roth. *Don Roberto* will be especially pointed at the $1,000 added Monterey Handicap, closing day fixture on June 5 at a mile and one-sixteenth.

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V. T. REYNOLDS TO OPEN COFFEE SHOP HERE

V. T. Reynolds will open the Reynolds Coffee Shop on Dolores street Sunday, May 30, in the store formerly occupied by Lester's Cafe and that terribly-named Teenie Tidbit Shoppe.

Reynolds, who will be chief chef, has had 39 years experience, the last 15 on the Monterey Peninsula. He and Mrs. Reynolds, who will be with him in this venture, ran the Del Mar Coffee Shop for the last four years and they had two different places on Forest avenue in Pacific Grove.

Nickel coffee and buttermilk hot cakes will be a breakfast feature. The mere mention of them hit us in the middle of the stomach in the middle of the morning. Turkey and chicken dinners and a merchants' lunch will be other features of the shop and the fountain will use Reed's Ice Cream exclusively.

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Featuring the famous
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J. E. Carberry, Monterey, Wins Dubious Prize for Solving Red Crosses Problem

J. E. Carberry of Monterey wins the rubber helmet—we mean, he wins the two-years' subscription to THE CYMBAL. (Some of our dubious friends may say that's the same thing.)

Carberry's correct solution to the red-crosses query, brought to otherwise-peaceful Carmel by Malcolm Macbeth, was the first to reach us by mail. There were others, but they came too late. Carberry's was in our post office box on Saturday morning, postmarked Monterey Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

But before we give you the correct solution, may we wander about with some cracks and comments which came to us over the telephone and on the street? First, let us repeat the Macbeth Brow-Wrinkler:

An executive needed a man to fill an important position. Having three young men equally qualified he gave this final test for selection:

Placing them so that each could see the faces of the other two, he blindfolded them and then said: "I have here a can of green paint and a can of red paint. I will now paint either a red cross or a green cross on each of your foreheads." However, he painted a red cross, only, on each forehead.

On removing the blindfolds he said: "All those who see a red cross raise their right hands." All three right hands went up.

"Now," he said, "The first man to tell me the color of the cross painted on his own forehead gets the position."

After a moment one of the men said: "My cross is red."

Query: How did he know his cross was red?

Of course, we expected some of these sure-shot people to read the thing over once and then hoot with incredulity that we were dumb enough to consider the thing as a difficult proposition. They did. Oh, yes, they could see it in a minute. Any fool could see it. The executive asked them if they saw red crosses and they all raised their hands. Yeah? Well, the executive didn't ask them if they saw "red crosses." He asked them if each of them saw "a red cross." They all raised their hands which, if you think a minute, or can think a minute, wouldn't at all tell them what was on their own foreheads. It wouldn't tell anyone of them what was on his own forehead.

In fact, bearing in mind that he had said that he would paint "either a red or green cross on each of your foreheads," each of them assumed that he bore a green cross, because he saw two red crosses.

It's the next question on which the successful applicant for the job got his cue, thought fast, and spoke quickest. Each could have used the same reasoning, but he was the smartest, and, consequently, he got the job.

Let us call him A, and the other two B and C.

Before we give you A's deductive logic, let us turn the final question around: "How did he know his cross was NOT green, and therefore that it must be red?"

The answer:

A, as soon as the blindfolds were removed, assumed that his cross was green, because he saw that B and C both bore red crosses.

When asked if he saw "a red cross," he, with the others raised his hand. Although he assumed his own cross was green, he knew that both B and C could raise their hands because B could see C's red cross and C could see B's.

But, when the next question was asked he knew that he was wrong, and that his cross could not be green, because:

If his cross were green, then B would instantly know that his own was red because C had said he could see a red cross. When B did not at once say that his own cross was red, A knew that his own could not be green. It must be red.

ROWNTREE FIXES HOURS FOR PAID FIREMEN

Councilman Bernard Rowntree, commissioner of fire and water, announced to the city council Wednesday night the hours of duty decided on for the two paid firemen. Charles Guth, senior grade, will be on duty from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day but Tuesday and Wednesday. On Tuesday he will be on duty from 7 a.m. until 7 a.m. Wednesday, with 8 hours for sleep. On Wednesday he will be off duty from 7 a.m. to 7 a.m. Thursday.

Vincent Williams, junior grade, will be on duty every day, except Tuesday and Wednesday, from 5 p.m. to 7 a.m., with 8 hours allowed for sleep. On Tuesday he will be off duty until 7 a.m. Wednesday, and on Wednesday he will be on duty from 7 a.m. to 7 a.m. Thursday, with 8 hours for sleep.

In case of fire the two firemen are expected to respond to the alarm when off duty.

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JOHN O'SHEA EXHIBITING AT KANSAS CITY

John O'Shea is exhibiting in the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art at Kansas City, Mo., this month, according to notice in the *Art Digest*. The O'Sheas visited the Gallery during their eastern trip and Mrs. O'Shea says she thinks the Gallery is one of the most beautiful modern museums in America.

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SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Don't plan any picnics for Memorial Day if you have children attending Sunset School. Classes will be conducted as usual during reverberations. But school closes for the summer June 8. Not so far off!

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Dr. George P. Hedley will speak at the school assembly meeting this morning at 11:15 o'clock. Hedley is a representative of the Emergency Peace Campaign and will speak on "Peace" before the older students.

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Probably noted elsewhere in this paper but just to impress you again with the fact that last week's School carnival was a financial as well as a social success, the receipts totaled $344.44. When the kids and the parents and the teachers and the citizens all get together, things happen.

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Last call for the summer round-up which will be held today from 1 to 2 o'clock in the school gymnasium. The round-up is for new students, those entering Sunset in the fall for the first time.

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LUX HAS ONE OF THESE HERE WASHABILITY EXPERTS

Edith Brown, representative of the Lux laboratories in Cambridge, Mass., is a washability expert. She can tell you all about washing your stockings before you wear them and how to take care of silks and rayons and unmentionables. The washing and blocking of knitted suits and dresses is another thing Miss Brown knows a lot about and if you are in Holman's tomorrow you might ask her what to do about that lovely blue knit you have that is sticking too close to your girlish "figger" or bagging around your knees. Peninsula women should be especially interested in this feature as this is a land of knits, winter, summer, spring or fall. Miss Brown can help you turn them out with a professional flourish. And when you are complimented on how nice you look, think how nice it would be to say: "A washability expert showed me how."

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COMMUNITY CHURCH PASTOR TO CONDUCT SERVICES AT SAN JOSE

The Rev. Homer S. Bodley of the Carmel Community Church will go to San Jose Sunday, May 23, to conduct the morning services at Calvary Methodist Church. Mrs. Bodley will accompany him. Mr. Bodley was pastor there eight years ago when they started to build their new church. He has been invited to preach the sermon this Sunday and join with them in celebrating the clearance of debt on the building.

Dr. L. E. Learned, retired Episcopal clergyman from Pasadena, who is now making his home in Carmel, will conduct the 11 o'clock service at the Community Church in Mr. Bodley's absence. His subject will be, "What is God?" Mr. Bodley will return in time for the evening forum session.

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ANNA MARIE BAER TO RETURN TO SUNSET SCHOOL

Anna Marie Baer will be back at Sunset School, ready to start classes, in August. Principal Otto W. Bardarson received a letter from her this week, accepting her nomination by the board of trustees for the 1937-38 teaching staff. Miss Baer wrote that she had an interesting year at Columbia University and would be happy to return to Sunset. Her position will be the same as it was before her year's leave of absence, that of classroom and art teacher. Ruth Smith, who has taken charge of art classes through the past year, will remain on the teaching staff.

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Anne Greene Back After Going Places, Doing Things, and Seeing People

Anne Greene is back. She had fun in New York. She had a lot of experiences. Some bad, some good, but when you look at them through Anne's eyes, they were fun.

She gave a concert at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and would have given more, but her manager had to go to the hospital.

She sold household furnishings from door to door, but got so interested in the different people she met, that she had to tell them they could get the same product for less at the "five and dime." So she got fired.

She sold dresses at Bloomingdale's on a Jewish holiday.

She got a job as a cook and housekeeper.

She lived in Greenwich Village and she joined the artists union in the big May Day celebration and parade.

Anne says the parade was a thrilling event. It took five hours for the groups to form and they marched down Sixth avenue from 63rd street to 39th street and then over to Fifth avenue and down to Union Square on 14th. That was just part of the New York Anne got to know.

The trip home was a full ticket for Anne and her companion, Blanche Angell, who is staying with her and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene. They made it in eight days and took stop-overs at all sorts of places a bit off the map. The most fascinating side trip was to the little town of Tellurite, Colorado.

Tellurite is one of the oldest mining towns in the west and about 30 years ago was one of the richest. Anne had the thrilling experience of going up into the mine in a bucket. Dressed in a miner's outfit with hat and lamp and boots complete, she got into a bucket about four feet square with several well-seasoned miners sitting on the edge. They were hauled up a distance of about 1,500 feet to the top of the highest peak, which has an altitude of 10,000 feet. They changed buckets on the way up, stopping off at one of the mines to investigate. The cable carrying the bucket was only about an inch and a half in diameter and after they got to the top the miners told Anne that sometimes they lose the buckets if they are not fastened on right. So Anne came down by means of a winding road which she later decided was just about as dangerous as the hoist.

The mine she went into went itself 100 miles into the mountains, but she only went in about a half mile. These are the Tolurian silver mines and the air is good in the passageways all the way to the last workings. They must be constantly repaired and there was a lot of water seepage, hence the big boots Anne was wearing.

Before you go up in the bucket you must sign your life away but Anne says it was worth it, and that the miners were very kind to her. The little town at the foot of the mountain has a bar on every corner, in good old mining town style, but the prices in town demand a lot of gold dust or rather silver scrapings or whatever they call it. The nearest town is Montrose, which is 70 miles away. Not very far as the crow flies, but a million miles on the winding mountain road, according to Anne, which makes supplies rather precious.

Carlos Ayala, Small Human Package, Full of a Number of Things, Is Here

Good things come in small packages. We have a small package at our house, not only good, but alive and excited as none of us poor heathens know how to be. It has a smile which encompasses a universe, hands which mold greatness out of soil and carve an extra beauty out of wood, and eyes which twinkle and sparkle with a great joy and happiness. The package originally came from Mexico. It has a name and that is Carlos Ayala. Carlos is a Mexican Indian, Aztec Indian, but very proud to be a Mexican. He is supposed to be descended from a stone carver in the time of Montezuma, which makes him a part of one of the first families of America.

Carlos has been in New York. It was more than a month ago that we had a letter from Nelly Montague that we might look for him any day. Many days passed and we had almost given up hope, and then Tuesday he came and brought the explanation for his tardiness. He had written Nelly the letter to tell her he would leave on the following day, went back to his room and discovered that all his fare money and part of his clothes and tools had been stolen. So there he was, flat broke. He had given up his job and was expected on the other side of the continent. How he got here we don't know yet, except that he came up from Santa Monica in the bus.

Carlos, you may remember, left Carmel just about two years ago. He was working on the SERA art project and carved those beautiful doors on the Presidio Theater in Monterey. He went to Los Angeles to join Atanas Katchamakof, Bulgarian sculptor, in his studio there. Just a year ago Carlos and Katchamakof, and his wife, Sascha, went to New York and had a group show at the Delphic Galleries. Carlos also had three pieces in the big Mexican show at the Legion of Honor in San Francisco about a year and a half ago.

Katchamakof went back to Los Angeles and Carlos stayed on, working at all sorts of jobs and finally getting a good position doing covers for a trade magazine. But the call of the Peninsula, plus the fact that there is soon to be a big sculpture competition in his native Mexico, brought him back to us. Future plans are in the air but he is here again and that is what counts. —VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

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MISSIONARY SOCIETY STUDIES RACE RELATIONS

The Carmel Missionary Society will meet Tuesday afternoon, May 25, at 2:30 o'clock at the Carmel Community Church. The topic for discussion will be "An Introduction to the Study of Race Relations." Mrs. Valona Brewer, violinist, will play music inspired by the "Old South."

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Charles Frederick Collin, Carmel artist, died last Tuesday at his home on Casanova street. Mr. Collin had come only recently to the Peninsula from England with his family. He is survived by his wife and two children, Margaret and Richard. Funeral services were held Wednesday at the home. The burial was at El Carmelo Cemetery in Pacific Grove.

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CARMEL VALLEY — Two-bedroom house. More than an acre of ground. Close to golf course and Inn. Commanding view. Purchase of furniture, including Wedgwood Range and Kelvinator, optional. MRS. L. A. SHIPLEY, Robles del Rio. Tel. 6-J-3

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WHEN YOU SEE Nielson, don't think of Real Estate, but when you think about Real Estate see N. J. Nielson Co., 2439 La Cienega, Los Angeles, where Venice, La Cienega and Adams meet. New houses only, $495 down. If interested in Los Angeles, be sure to see Nielson. Listen to KMTR, station 90, 557 kilocycles, every Wednesday night at 10:30.

FOR SALE—Two-bedroom house with five lots. Forty large trees. About three blocks from center of town. A good buy. Apply Fourth and Torres streets, Carmel. 1m

REAL ESTATE WANTED

WANTED TO BUY a two-bedroom house with garage. Preferably under $2,000. State terms and location. No dealers. Address Box L-2, Cymbal.

HOUSES TO RENT

WANTED—A successful business man with a discriminating wife that will appreciate living in my charming Carmel home. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, large living room, modern kitchen, all in a beautiful garden. $65 per month, unfurnished. Phone Carmel 516 for appointment.

ROBLES DEL RIO. For rent for June, cottage of 3 rooms and bath, near Inn. $45. Address Box L-5, Cymbal Office. 23

FOR RENT or For Sale—House in Carmel Woods. Unobstructed view of Point Lobos and ocean. Four bedrooms, two baths. Double garage. Apply Fourth and Torres or telephone Carmel 1090.

HORSES

TWO GOOD SADDLE HORSES For Sale. Suitable for women or children. A bargain. K. D. Mathiot. Tel. 9-R-2. 20

LOST AND FOUND

PURSE left at Sundeck Poultry Market on May 15. Owner can have same by identifying property. 21

MYRTLE. Come on home. Everything O. K. Dad thinks he bent the fender. Joe. 21

FOOD

FRESH EGGS, Chickens and Vegetables, daily from our Marina Ranch. SUN DECK POULTRY MARKET. Mr. and Mrs. Barbier. Seventh Street, opposite Railway Express. Telephone 649. 22

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FOR GOOD BUYS in Musical Instruments, Pianos and Radios, see the MUSICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 523 S. Main Street, Salinas. Phone Salinas 1095. tf

MASSAGE

BODY MASSAGE. European. At your home or PETER PAN COURT. Tel. 166-J. 23

ARE YOU ILL, tired or over-weight? If so, have a massage. Any kind, or electric cabinet bath. In your home or mine. Eva McBee. Telephone Monterey 4712. 24

MISCELLANEOUS

MR. DOLLAR FOOLISH: "Why put such value and high expense in Construction that is forever hidden, you will get your price anyhow. Why bother?"
Mr. Penny Wise: "You can't lie about quality as the years will prove you a liar. Many enemies are made against one life-long friend."
Drive to Hatton Fields Mesa—See the last word in quality and construction.

ARE YOU GETTING your house ready for Summer Rentals? New Used and Unfinished Furniture. Liberal trade allowance.
Bussey's Furniture Exchange
518 Lighthouse Ave. Phone 3233
24

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1165. Marion Karr.

JUST MARRIED

HE: "Have you seen them?" She: "Seen what?" He: "The new houses." She: "What new houses." He: "Why, haven't you heard of the wonderful places Hal Geyer is building and Henry Gutterson designed on Hatton Fields Mesa?" She: "Let's go, they are the ones everyone is talking about."

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS sell odds and ends.

IN THE HEART OF CARMEL
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Also Tap, Character, and Musical Comedy
Tickets 40¢ • Children 15¢
ON SALE
Carmel Art & Gift Shop, Carmel Theatre Bldg.
Palace Music Company, Monterey, Calif.

Youth Ganged Up on Lynda at Palmist Booth at the Sunset P-T.A. Carnival

They ganged up on our Lynda at the Sunset P-T. A. Carnival last Friday. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Bill Frolli, who ran the affair and ran it, by the way, so darned well that the parent-teacher organization has almost enough money now to maintain two cars—as we say, if it hadn't been for Mrs. Bill Frolli, who ran—no, we've said that already—if it hadn't been for Mrs. Bill Frolli, the said—much said—Lynda would now probably be in the Peninsula Hospital, or some equally good hospital, deep in the throes of a perfectly-A-1 nervous prostration.

There's no accounting for the ingenuity of youth—both sexes. They ganged up on our Lynda at her fortune-telling booth last Friday. They ganged up on Lynda because she, and the Del Monte orchestra were, along toward the end of the afternoon, the only attractions on the midway. The youth were not up to the age or the steps of dancing, but they could bare their palms to Lynda—four five-cent tickets each—and one and they did—to the tune of about five-cent ticket was good for a palm.

You see, Mrs. Frolli's show was so good that long before the youth—both sexes—was tired of it all, everything from hot dogs up to Irish Elegance roses, or from Irish Elegance roses up to hot dogs, had vanished, and there was nothing to get for five-cent tickets, still in hand.

It should be understood that there was Lynda to get—or Lynda's fortune-telling—but by most of the youth that had already been gotten. Then came the bright thought—a simultaneous thought that shook all of youth to the vitals—and made it snicker.

In no time at all, there was a line outside Lynda's tent. It grew. As one boy would have his fortune told, out he would go, dig down for another ticket, and get at the end of the line again. The immediate future began to look dark for Lynda as she was endeavoring to make the distant future look swell to all whose palms she read.

Mrs. Frolli, dashing here and there, finally found her dashing narrowed down by the closing of the various concessions for lack of supplies—finally found her dashing narrowed down to Lynda's tent. Mrs. Frolli is a lady of action. She acted.

She sent a hurry call uptown—for a truck-load of soda pop.

It came. In fact, it backed right up to Lynda's fortune-telling tent. It unloaded. Mrs. Frolli cleaned up every five-cent ticket youth had and delivered soda pop in return for it.

We have two good pieces of evidence for the facts herein stated.

One of them at our house stayed in bed Monday morning with temporary stomach trouble.

Kuster Sues City For $65,000 For Golden Bough Fire Loss

(Continued from Page One)

limits. The hasty but belated improvements in these departments instituted by the city during the last two years are irrefutable, if not technically legal, evidence of its former apathy and negligence.

"The postponement of my claim to this time has been due partly to the hope of a voluntary semi-public restoration of the building on terms that would be fair and equitable and to the advantage of the community and partly to advice of counsel relating to the establishment of evidence of the facts in the premises."

+ + +

FRED MYLAR GETS BACK AFTER BEING ODD IN SACRAMENTO

Fred Mylar has returned to his home here after a week in Sacramento where he appeared as the oddest of the Monterey Lodge of Odd Fellows at the 85th annual convention of the order. Mrs. Mylar looked after her odd fellow during the sessions of the convention.

Fred comes back to report that the delegates elected Harry J. Farr of San Diego the new grand master of the California lodge, Louis J. Hardue of Albany, deputy grand master; Eldred Charles of Culver City, grand warden; Frank D. Macbeth, grand secretary, and James W. Harris, grand treasurer. San Jose won over Fresno and Los Angeles as the convention city for next year.

Col. F. L. V. Hoppin and Mrs. Hoppin, who have been staying at Del Monte Lodge for the last week or so, left Monday for San Francisco. Col. Hoppin is a retired architect and is now following his hobby—painting. He is engaged in doing a series of watercolors of the California Missions and completed one of the Carmel Mission while he was here. The Hoppins come from Newport, Rhode Island.

+

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea, who have been touring the country for the past six months, returned to their home in the Carmel Highlands last week. They spent the holidays with Mrs. O'Shea's family near Chicago, then a month in Florida, on to Washington, D.C., New York, Pennsylvania, and all sorts of places on the map which held friends and acquaintances. One of the most interesting side trips was as guests of some friends on a boat to New Orleans. Mr. O'Shea plans to do some intensive painting this summer.

June Delight plans to open her summer dancing classes on July 6 this year.

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Personalities & Personals

Rosalie Murphy has been elected president of Delta Chi chapter of Sigma Phi Gamma sorority. Formal installation ceremonies were held last week at the home of Miss Melba Hodges in Pacific Grove.

+

Miss Elberta Kate Shipley, whose sister, Mrs. Wilber Perkins, lives in Carmel, died in New York recently. Miss Shipley organized the Penny-for-Peace Fund in 1932 and it collected 40,000,000 pennies from the women of the United States. She was a member of the Greenwich Village Historical Society and was a descendant of Daniel Boone.

+

Celia Seymour, who left last Saturday for a motor trip to the east coast, rented her studio on Junipero street to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jacobsen of New York.

+

Laura Bride Powers, writer and author of "Old Monterey," published by the Carmel Press, is expected in Carmel at the end of the summer to make her permanent home in the house she owns on Carmelo street between Thirteenth and Santa Lucia. Mrs. Powers is going to give up the position of Custodian of the old Customs House, which she has occupied for several years.

+

Members of the graduating class of Sunset School were entertained by Ann and Colden Whitman, children of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman, at a dance Saturday night at the Mission Ranch Club. Otto W. Bardarson, Arthur Hull and Helen Newmark of Sunset School staff were also included in the party.

Mrs. Peter Elliott returned from a visit to San Bernardino last Saturday in time to see the two young Elliotts perform for the school carnival.

+

The Rev. and Mrs. Carel J. Hulsewe were guests at a garden reception given in their honor Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Cockburn on Tenth and Carmelo. The reception provided an opportunity for friends and members of the church, as well as residents of the pastorate, to greet the new minister of All Saints Parish and his wife. A large group attended.

+

Joseph Allen, genial head supervisor of the Federal Art Project in California, dropped into town for a hurried conference Tuesday with Burton Boundey, Supervisor of the local project.

+

Mrs. George F. Beardsley has returned to her home at Eighth and Casanova. She has been in the east for several months.

+

The W. W. Wheeler home at Pebble Beach was the scene last Sunday of a gathering of friends and patrons of the Baldwin McGaw-Emma Knox series of play productions which have been held in the Green Room during the past winter. The actor-guests of honor presented for the group a scene from "Dear Brutus" by J. M. Barrie and the "Romeo and Juliet" balcony scene.

+

Bob and Ann Mersereau drove into town from San Francisco last week-end. Bob, who used to be connected with the *Pine Cone*, is now writing a book and came down to see about something in connection with the opus.

+

Mrs. N. G. Manson and Mrs. Walter Bruington of Santa Barbara have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mulven at their Torres street home. The two are mother and sister, in the order named, to Mrs. Mulven.

+ + +

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS can move mountains.

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JESS'
and none we mix you won't like
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Elk's Building in Uptown Monterey

W...
Carmel Women Love Knits!
And we also like long sleeves to wear when it's chilly on the links. Please stock some large sizes. We're not all "gone with the wind" figures
Ladies, here they are—just in. Grand new knits, plenty of long sleeves, and sizes 14 to 46
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AND DANDRUFF
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